Vol. II. LITERARY TABLET. No. VIII.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

—ORIGINAL—

The man of merit degraded.

TO behold man aſide from flattery, and ſtripped of the maſk of hypocriſy, is at once pleaſing and irkſome; pleaſing, becauſe it affords the moſt ſolid inſtruction; irkſome, becauſe we are brought to a near inſpection of depraved humanity. In no ſituation can the diſcerning man carry his views farther into the mazes of the human heart, than in a ſtate of degradation. The man of reputed eminence is deſtitute of this advantage. The heart of the paraſite by whom he is beſet, is concealed by flattery, which is a ſpecious garb that covers the uglieſt deformities, envy, malice and deceit.

When ſuperior merit is held forth to view, as it will be envied, ſo it will ever be reſpected; and the poſſeſſor of it will be ſurrounded by flatterers, who, while envy broils their boſoms, will ſo completely act the hypocrite as to borrow the ſmile of friendſhip. Though apart from him they will uſe every means in their power to depreciate his worth and deſtroy his reputation, yet in his preſence no little act of kindneſs will be omitted, and every countenance fraught with ſeeming pleaſantneſs, will ſpeak his encomiums. Reverſe the ſcene; let fortune, fickle goddeſs, but once frown and withdraw her preſence, and his whole train of flatterers will abſcond. He ſees not a face but is diſtorted with the ſneer of deriſion, and his unavoidable miſeries will ſcarcely find *compaſſion*. He is continually pained with the view of envy gratified, of low minded triumph. Thoſe whom before he viewed with contempt, thoſe who have no native excellence, who ſhine but with borrowed light, are the moſt forward in ſporting with his misfortunes. Little invidious minds are content only with the debaſement of real excellence. Reſtleſs while another holds a pre-eminent grade on the ſcale of fame, they ſummon all their energy, and put every power upon the rack to diminiſh his merit and thereby to give themſelves the ſuperiority. His equals feel no emotion but of pleaſure at being rid of a rival. He who was lately ſeen with an eye of jealouſy, is now beheld with an air of neglect. Is he engaged in the laudible purſuit of an education; we may eaſily conceive of the reception he will meet with from the empty headed peaſant, whoſe ſupreme delight is literary worth according to the old way of reconing, who has expoſed his mouth to ſplitting by many a grin at upſtart pertneſs, and furrowed his brow by ſcowling at frivolous blunders.

In this degraded ſtate, he will find conſolation in none but in the man of real greatneſs. Too well he knows his own weakneſs; too well he knows the tottering baſe on which human fame reſts, to treat with contempt one who has been depoſed from an exalted ſeat in her temple. As nothing is dearer to a man than his reputation, ſo nothing reſts upon a more ſlender foundation. The poiſonous breath of ſlander may blaſt it forever. It is raiſed amazing heights by whims of the multitude; their ill nature will ſink it as low.—The microſcopic eye of prejudice will magnify to enormity faults unnoticed by the candid, by which means the miſt of oblivion is caſt over men calculated to ſhine with unſullied luſtre. Conſidering this, the man whoſe magnanimity is exalted above that grovelling herd which is forever buſied in extinguiſhing the brighteſt beams of excellence, will never take advantage of tottering fame, but will afford it every prop. Chuſing rather to inſtruct than contemn, to correct than to ſpurn at faults, he is ever willing to afford injured merit every kind of protection.

The approving voice of conſcience will afford thoſe of neglected worth the ſweeteſt and moſt enduring ſolace. Conſcious of being on the ſide of right, though they are robbed of that ſhare of notice which is their due, they will not envy thoſe creatures which the world is pleaſed to call the greateſt, the wiſeſt and the beſt. No neglect, no aſperſion, no withdrawing of confidence, will inflict a wound, when there is the firm perſuaſion of meaning well.

LEANDER.

DIEGO—*Concluded.*

THE ſlighteſt recurrence to the hiſtory of the world preſents the tranſient, the changing ſcene of all human affairs. As the actors of the theatre enter the ſtage, perform their parts and paſs off, ſo men enter the great theatre of human action, perform their parts and take their exit. Has not our world been changing its inhabitants and its various appendages ever ſince the creation? Have not generations ſucceeded generations down to the preſent, in accompliſhing their aſſigned portion in the tragic comedy of human nature? Where are the parents, the patriarchs and the prophets of our race?—Where are Chriſt and his apoſtles? Nay, where are our once affectionate parents and connections?—Theſe have acted their parts and have gone, never to return!

The Cæſars, the Alexanders, the mighty kings and conquerors of the earth, have played their parts and taken their final departure.—If we next turn to the changes which have and which will ſoon occur in our own country, we muſt ſay, this world is the *tranſient* ſcene of vanity of vanities. Not two centuries ago, theſe States were a rude inhoſpitable wilderneſs. The preſent delightful villages, the ſeats of ſcience and the magnificent cities of our land, were the habitation of the wild beaſt and the ſavage; a few years ago, the ſcientific and virtuous characters, who are now the ornament and boaſt of America, were unborn, were nonexiſtent. How great the changes witneſſed by our nation within half a century! View our new world at her firſt ſettlement—Look at her in all her preſent improvement, ſcience, virtue and glory. But what is the deſtination of her numerous inhabitants? Has man in the preſent enlightened age learnt the myſtery of joining eternity to his *preſent* ſtate? Has he learnt the art of conquering death, the univerſal tyrant of our world? Ah, no!—glancing the eye over millions in our Republic with the impreſſion, that the current century will lodge moſt, or all of them in their final home, muſt not we, like Xerxes ſurveying his army, yield nature her tears? In this period thoſe, who now animate our government, thoſe, who cull the opening bloſſom from the fair tree of ſcience, and thoſe, who are buried in obſcurity, will become a ſubterranean generation——Yes, like one vaſt army, they will all lie under the ſilent clods—But what is their appearance, what is their condition in this horrid retreat from the world?—to learn it I deſcend the grave—I raiſe the lids of the coffin—I gaze in—O amazement!—what is here!—Good God!—what men! what bones!—what rotten carcaſes!—Men, how changed, how diſpoiled of former glory! Here, I behold all the inhabitants of our land! My departed friend reſts not alone. Here, I *ſee the once ambitious wretch—the man of pleaſure—the maid of beauty—the daring infidel*;—nay, the *diſtinguiſhed* and noble are *here!* But, where is their fame, where is their grandeur, *where* is all their worldly glory? Alas! theſe are *gone*; to them the echo of eclat and the funeral dirge are alike enchanting; to them the royal palace and the meaneſt cottage are alike valuable; by them the ſceptre of a confederated world and the brittle ſtraw are equally eſteemed. Is this the ſtate of our countrymen, of mortals, whoſe ſpiritual exiſtence is as interminable as the breath of the Almighty? What then mean the glories of ambition! What, the conteſt for honor! What, the perpetual ſtruggle for riches and the eternal ſearch for the ſatiety of happineſs! And *why*, (for I may well inquire here,) *why* is the right improvement of time; *why* is virtue, the eternal ſhield of the ſoul and God, the ſum of bliſs, deſpiſed, or *inceſſantly* neglected? O gain theſe *at once*, then the ſoul may welcome death, the grave and eternity.

DIEGO.

A few years ago, when it was beginning to be faſhionable to wear ſhort hair, a certain elderly gentleman was known to declaim bitterly againſt this new and prevailing faſhion. It no ſooner became ſo univerſal as to render long hair a mark of oddity, than this friend of ancient cuſtom began to be greatly troubled with the *head-ache*. He aſcribed it all to the weight of his hair. It was polled, and the diſorder cured.

Queſtion. Should long hair become the ton, what *faſhionable* method can this gentleman take to cure the *head-ache?*

I.

—SELECTED—

OBITUARY NOTICE.

The Right Rev. Doctor SAMUEL PARKER was born at Portſmouth in the ſtate of New-Hampſhire, in the year 1745. He had from the care of his excellent father all the advantages of education which our country could furniſh, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1763. In 1773, he was ordained by the Biſhop of London and immediately returned to Boſton, and became an aſſiſtant Miniſter at Trinity Church. In 1775 the revolutionary war began, he was ſoon after left alone to ſtruggle with all the difficulties of his ſtation, which at that period were neither few nor ſmall. The four other clergymen of the Epiſcopal Perſuaſion in this town having emigrated to Europe, although he was then unmarried, and had very flattering offers to remove, he firmly adhered to his duty, and had the ſatisfaction of finding his conſcientious exertion crowned with ſucceſs, and his Church thereby ſecured from diſperſion, and its numbers annually augmented; and he lived to receive the higheſt honours that can be conferred on that important profeſſion in the United States. As Biſhop of the Epiſcopal Church in Maſſachuſetts, he took his ſeat in the eccleſiaſtical convention holden at New-York in September, and this was the only official act he was enabled to perform in that character.

As a a pariſh miniſter his labours were faithful and examplary. He taught the doctrines of chriſtianity in their primeval purity and *practiſed the firſt and ſublimeſt of its moral precepts with a ſincerity and ardour, which feeling hearts alone can* appreciate.

But thoſe lips are now cloſed which were daily employed in invoking the benedictions of his God upon the lives of his dependent creatures, and thoſe ſervices are forever ended which were conſtantly dedicated to the offices of humanity, and all its charities. And all that now remains to us is humbly to ſubmit, and adore that Providence which gives to the good man his virtues, and removes him to meet their reward in heaven! The Lord gave, and has ſuddenly taken away, and bleſſed be his name, for his diſpenſations are unerring, and his mercy endureth forever. [*Repertory.*

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

The Greek Manuſcripts brought by Mr. Clarke, of Jeſus College, Cambridge, from Patmos, Naxos, and other parts of Greece, and from Conſtantinople, are as follow:

From Patmos—1. The Works of Plato, moſt beautifully written upon vellum, in folio. The Scholia, in minute capitals. The Colophon proves that it was written by John, the Calligraph, for Arethas, Deacon of Patræ, for 13 Byzantine Nummi, in the 14th year of the Indiction, and 6404th of the World (A. C. 896,) in the reign of Leo, ſon of Baſſillius.—2. Lexicon of St. Cyril, of Alexandria.—3. Greek Poetry, accompanied by ancient Greek muſical notes.—4. Do. do.—5. The Works of Gregory of Nazianzen.

From Naxos—Copies of the Goſpels, in Capitals, of very ancient date.

From Mount Anthos—1. The Orations of Demoſthenes.—2. The Works of ten Athenian Orators, ſome of which not hitherto known.

From Conſtantinople—1. The Works of Dionyſius the Areopagite, with a curious and learned Commentary, written on vellum, in folio.—2. Complete Copies of the Goſpels, written in the 8th Century.—3. 4. 5. 6. Various Copies of the Goſpels, and of the Epiſtles, and Acts of the Apoſtles, of different dates.—7. The Works of Philip the Hermit.—8. Dialogues of Theodore the Syracuſan.—9. A Work on the Greek Grammar.—10. 11. 12. The writings of Commentators on the Goſpels, and the Works of the earlieſt Fathers of the Church.—13. Very ancient Copy of the Evangeliſtarium of the Greek Church.—14. Do. do.—15. The Works of Phile, on Animals.

Of the PLATO, which Profeſſor PORSON calls a *Monument of Literature*, it may be well to add, that it is the oldeſt Greek Manuſcript in the world, with an expreſs date. DORVILLE (on Charlton, p. 49, 50) had in his poſſeſſion a manuſcript of EUCLID, written in the preceding year; and MONTFAUCON mentions (Paleographia, p. 52) having ſeen a Greek MS. ſix years older; but theſe have now diſappeared. The Profeſſor has been long occupied in copying, with infinite labor, the Scholia; and has diſcovered, by that means, paſſages from Greek Plays, and from Poets, that were loſt. [*London paper.*

Sovereign authority in China.

NO monarch in Europe poſſeſſes power ſo unlimited as the ſovereign of this numerous nation. All authority is veſted in him alone: he is the undiſputed maſter of the lives of his ſubjects, and thus placed in a ſituation to become the greateſt tyrant in the world.

No ſentence of death pronounced by any of the tribunals can be executed without his conſent. Every verdict in civil affairs is ſubject to the ſame reviſion; and no determination is of any force until it has been confirmed by his aſſent. On the contrary, whatever ſentence he paſſes is executed without delay. His edicts are reſpected throughout the whole empire as though they proceeded from a divinity, and are immediately publiſhed and regiſtered without the leaſt remonſtrance. This abſolute power in the head of the Chineſe empire appears to be as ancient as the empire itſelf, and all the revolutions which have taken place have tended to confirm it.

The emperor alone has the diſpoſal of all the offices of ſtate which are wholly dependent on his pleaſure. No employment is however purchaſed in China; merit, for the moſt part, raiſes to place, and rank is attached to place only; thus whatever may be the deſpotic power of the emperor, the government has an eminent advantage over moſt of the governments of Europe; the offices and honors of which are as ſaleable as their other mercantile commodities. On this principle, of merit only qualifying for office, the emperor has the right of chooſing a ſucceſſor either among his children, the reſt of his family, or from among his own ſubjects; thus Chun, prime miniſter of the emperor Yao, was choſen by that monarch to ſucceed him, on account of his ſuperior abilities.

Should the ſucceſſor named by the emperor be wanting in that reſpectful ſubmiſſion which he conceives is due to him, or manifeſt ſome natural weakneſs of which he was not before ſuſpected, the ſame hand that raiſed him towards the throne can remove him from his exalted ſtation. In ſuch caſe another ſucceſſor is choſen and the former is entirely forgotten. The emperor Kang-hi, one of the lateſt and beſt of the Chineſe emperors, thus excluded his eldeſt ſon from the throne, though he had once nominated him his ſucceſſor.

A prince of the blood is generally eſteemed in China; yet the emperor can prevent thoſe from aſſuming that title who have a natural right to it, but if they are permitted to enjoy their rank, they have neither influence nor power: they poſſeſs a revenue proportioned to their dignity; and have a palace, officers and court; but they have leſs authority than the loweſt of the mandarins.

[*The following is copied from the Literary Miſcellany, a periodical work, publiſhed at Cambridge, Maſs. a work which we deem worthy of general peruſal and of liberal patronage.*]

RETROSPECT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

[written in the ſummer of 1800.]

N°. I.

WITHOUT aſſuming to decide the ſingular queſtion, in which century the preſent year is to be numbered, which has divided every learned perſon and excited their mutual ſurpriſe and pleaſantry, a few remarks are offered upon the eighteenth century, under the general heads of religion, ſcience, and politics. It is an age, memorable in regard to religion; an age, Auguſtan in literature and ſcience; and an age, deeply marked by political events, ſome glorious and happy to humanity, and ſome moſt deplorable for the preſent, and for the future moſt ominous. To the *firſt* of theſe heads the preſent number ſhall be confined.

The eighteenth century is memorable in regard to religion.

On the confines of a new period of its age, can we leſs, than acknowledge the heavenly original and divine ſupport of the Chriſtian religion? Meek and long ſuffering in its ſpirit, it has ſolicited neither carnal weapons for its defence; nor worldly power to accelerate its progreſs. It has had the patronage, and ſuſtained the enmity of Kings and Emperors. It has ſurvived the prejudice of ignorance in the dark ages, and defied the ſcrutiny of learned pride in the enlightened. To human eye it has appeared in perils often; *in perils by the heathen, and in perils among falſe brethren.* But, in deſpite of the ſtormy malice of infidels and apoſtates, and the pious fraud of heretics, ſupported by power manifeſtly divine, it has holden its majeſtic and reſiſtleſs courſe through this long tract of time. So once, amid the ſtorms of nature, confounding ocean with the ſolid land, ſailed, humble type of the goſpel, the ark of Noah; it ſailed in ſafety, for God was its Pilot.

In regard to this laſt age of Chriſtianity it may be enquired, whether it leave the religion in as fair a ſtate, as it found it. Its enemies have been numerous, ſubtile, and able not leſs, than in any former period. The ſyſtem of attack however has been totally reverſed. Inſtead of ſword and faggot, which could never more, than carry the weakeſt outworks and fainteſt defenders of the religion, have been employed the conſpired arts of intrigue; a mine of which was preparing for half the century, as cunningly deviſed and as fatally deſigned, as the Papal plot under the Parliament houſe, to ſpring at once in every Chriſtian country, and by one awful exploſion to extinguiſh the Chriſtian name.

Aſſociated with the politics of a revolutionary country, infidelity ſoon reared her horrid front with unaccuſtomed audacity. She harangued the Senate; ſhe thundered in the laws; ſhe preſided over the tribunal; ſhe wielded the ſanguinary ſword of the Executive. She was ſeen meanly ſtooping at the peaſants cottage, ſmiling in his face, while ſhe plundered his heart of its only remaining treaſure. Religion ſoon was driven from her ſanctuary; *the miniſters wept between the porch and the altar;* but wept not long; death with a friendly hand, though in his moſt terrific form, drew the curtain between them and the deſtruction of order and religion.

From France and Germany infidelity has made her inroads upon other countries with various ſucceſs. The degenerate forms of the divine religion moſt feebly ſuſtained the aſſault. The Papal throne, once the terror of the world, became an unconditional captive. The Sovereign Pontiff, laſt in order, but among the firſt in virtue, circumverted by his invader, inſulted by popular frenzy, bending with years, and heart broken with calamity, wandered forth, as our great anceſtor from Paradiſe, into an inhoſpitable world.

The Proteſtant States, it is believed, have ſuffered leaſt by this war on religion, though regarded with reſolution perſevering and malicious. The United States of America, one hundred years ſince the aſſylum of religion, flying from intolerance and corruption, have been marked, as a precious victim by all means to be immolated to the idol Philoſophiſm.—Young and comparatively innocent, this country has been inflamed for half the century by books, with a helliſh generoſity ſpread gratis among us. The miſchief has been in part controled by the friends of religion, who have endeavored gratuitouſly to extend the antidote as far as the poiſon has been diffuſed. This well directed liberality and the vigilance and ability of the Ciſatlantic defenders of Chriſtianity, under the bleſſing of heaven, have ſo far availed, that infidelity, whatever may have been her ſecret progreſs among us, is yet compelled with guilty ſhame to conceal her hand.

In balance of this ill aſpect upon religion in this century, it may be ſaid, that, as Chriſtianity never needed, ſo it never had more able defenders ſince Apoſtolic times. Men, moſt reſpectable by genius and learning of the age, have lent their talents to its ſupport. The reſearches of the antiquary and traveller, of the linguiſt and logician have not only confirmed the teſtimonies previouſly borne to it, but accumulated them; and have caſt deſired light upon paſſages of ſacred ſcience, before this age either myſterious, or imperfectly underſtood. Before this phalanx of Chriſtian warriors, the enemies of revelation have retired from the honorable field of argument and fair diſcuſſion to the covert fight of witticiſm, miſrepreſentation, and dark conſpiracy.

Ably defended at home, religion has been extended abroad. Furniſhed for the noble enterprize by a liberality purely Chriſtain, miſſionaries, with the zeal of Apoſtles, are now evangelizing the Iſlanders of the Southern Ocean. We *bid them God ſpeed.* Soon may new converts fill up the ſad blank, which apoſtacy has made in Europe. But, if the frenzy of revolution has exiled the religion of Jeſus from a nation of twenty-five millions, which for ages profeſſed it, there is left the hope, that this daughter of the ſkies has only retired to lay aſide the fantaſtic robes, which men had drawn upon her, and will ſoon return, habited in her native ſimplicity, to charm the nation back to order, peace, and happineſs.

The event of French apoſtacy, deplorable as it is, has operated ſome benefit to the Chriſtian world. The church had become a Laodicea; the ſpirit of ſlumber had invaded the whole body. Kings ceaſed to be *nurſing fathers, and Queens, nurſing mothers.* But the blow, which was fatally ſtruck in France, rung a ſalutary alarm in other Chriſtian countries. The public heart began to beat with terror at the danger of religion. Kings and Counſellors, Secretaries and Generals, in their official character, revive the ſtyle of Chriſtians, and expreſs concern for the altar as well, as the throne, for the goſpel as well, as the conſtitution and laws of their reſpective countries. An honorable member of the Britiſh Parliament, the eloquent aſſerter of the rights of humanity, has employed his pen, not in the ſport or cavil of ſpeculations, but in the nobler taſk of reviving practical Chriſtianity.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

THE etiquette of the Spaniſh court was the moſt ſevere in Europe. One of their kings fell a victim to it. Philip III. being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was ſitting near a chimney, in which was ſo large a fire of wood, that he was almoſt ſtifled. Etiquette did not permit him to riſe, nor a common domeſtic to enter. At length the Marquis de Pobar, chamberlain, came in, but Etiquette forbade his interference, and the Duke of Uſſeda, maſter of the houſhold, was ſent for. He was gone out; and the flame increaſed, while the king bore it patiently, rather than violate his dignity. But his blood was ſo heated, that next morning an eryſipelas of the head appeared, and a relapſe of the fever ſoon carried him off.

A *perſonal young woman* advertiſes, in a provincial paper, for a ſervice. She ſays, ſhe is well qualified to manage a *ſingle gentleman.*

[*Lond. pap.*

FARRAGO.

THOSE gentlemen, who were authorized to receive ſubſcriptions for the *Literary Tablet*, and have procured any ſubſcribers, are requeſted to forward to the *Printer* the names of ſuch ſubſcribers, without farther delay.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAURINDA's remarks are generally juſt, but not wholly free from aſperity. They ſhall have a place in No. X.

Diſcos Tantalos' late communication ſhall appear in the next Tablet.

ERRATA.

In No. V. page 19, 3 col. 23d line from the top, for *Edwin*, read *Odin.*—Page 20, 3d col. 6 line from the bot. for *Pethagoras*, read *Pythagoras.*

In No. VII, page 25, 2d col. 30 line from the bot. for *diſagreeable*, read *diſcoverable.* Page 28, 3d col. 5 line from the bot. for *Wethelmena*, read *Wilhelmina.*

In No. VIII. page 29, 1 col. 12th line from the bot. for *peaſant*, read *pedant.* Page 32, 2d col. 22 line from bot. for *So firm*, read *To him.*

MARRIED,

In Portland, Mr. James Ingraham, to Miſs Eliza Thurſton.

In Lincoln, Maſs. the Rev. Jonathan French of *Northampton, N. H. to Miſs Rebecca Farrar.*

In Newburyport, Mr. Ephraim W. Allen, Editor of the *Newburyport Herald*, to Miſs Dorothy Stickney.

At Bradford, (Ver.) on Tueſday laſt, Mr. Timothy Farrar, of Lebanon, to Miſs Mary Barron, of Bradford.

'Tis the kind hand of death unlocks the chain,
Which clogs the noble and aſpiring ſoul,
And then the chriſtian lives.

DIED,

In Louiſiana, Ephraim Kirby, Eſq. one of the newly appointed Judges in that Territory: He had been a conſpicuous political partizan in Connecticut.

In North-Carolina, Maj. General M'Clure, formerly a ſurgeon in the revolutionary army.

In Providence, Col. Oliver Bowen, ſon of the Hon. Jabez Bowen.

At Boſton, very ſuddenly and deeply regretted, the Rt. Rev. Samuel Parker, D. D. Biſhop of the Proteſtant Epiſcopal Churches in Maſſachuſetts, in the 60th year of his age.

In this town, Mr. Peter Knapp, aged 63.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FATE OF A TAR.

HARK! the hoarſe billows laſh the ſea-worn ſhore!
See, blazing meteors ſtreak the gloomy ſky!
The Tar oft toſs'd on waves which loudly roar,
Sighs at his fate, nor views a harbour nigh.

Doom'd from his youth to brave the raging main,
Toils but to gain a ſuſtenance, tho' ſpare;
Oft pleas'd with fancy, or oft fill'd with pain,
When hope is flatt'ring, or when dangers ſtare.

But ah! when tempeſts ruſh with threat'ning ills,
And ſtorms portentous heave the troubled waves;
The thought of home his mind with rapture fills,
Bound to the oar, his little bark he ſaves.

But yet tho' ſav'd, he ſheds a kindly tear,
For the dear image of his native iſle;
Extends his thoughts where pureſt charms appear,
And views with tranſport every winning ſmile.

A youthful progeny in happy train,
By a fond mother, meets his longing eyes;
He ſees them aſking, but alas! in vain,
For his return, and hears their piercing cries.

But fortune changing, for the port he ſails,
Where joy and pleaſure in full currents flow;
Where friendſhip, with the ſweets of life, ne'er fails,
And rapt'rous charms in happy union glow.

AGLAUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

From Milton's unrivalled poem, Paradiſe Loſt, we make the following extract. The author exhibits the wrath of God, at the apoſtacy of Adam, as appeaſable only by the ſacrifice of ſome divine perſonage. The Son of the Higheſt offers himſelf. The offer is accepted. An angry God is ſatisfied. All heaven, aſtoniſhed at ſuch unparalleled condeſcenſion, fall proſtrate, and pay the Father and Son equal adoration. The ſublime bard repreſents Deity declaring concerning fallen man,

"Die he or juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
Some other able, and as willing pay
The rigid ſatisfaction, death for death.
Say heav'nly pow'rs, where ſhall we find ſuch love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave?
Dwells in all heaven charity ſo dear?
He aſk'd, but all the heav'ly quire ſtood mute,
And ſilence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
Patron or interceſſor none appear'd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have been loſt, adjudg'd to death and hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwells of love divine,
His deareſt meditation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is paſt, Man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The ſpeedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
Happy for Man, ſo coming; he her aid
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Atonement for himſelf or offering meet
Indebted and undone hath none to bring:
Behold Me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall,
Account Me Man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow'r I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
Life in myſelf forever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and ſhow
The Pow'rs of darkneſs bound. Thou art the ſight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death laſt, and with his carcaſe glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n long abſent, and return,
Father, to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire."

So firm the Father replied.

"O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the leaſt,
Though laſt created; that for him I ſpare
Thee from my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing thee awhile, the whole race loſt.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canſt redeem,
Their nature alſo to thy nature join:
And be thyſelf Man among men on earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's ſon.
So heav'nly love ſhall outdo helliſh hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroys
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace,
Nor ſhalt thou, by deſcending to aſſume
Man's nature, leſſen or degrade thine own.
Becauſe thou haſt, though thron'd in higheſt bliſs
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to ſave
A world from utter loſs, and haſt been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthieſt to be ſo by being good,
Far more than great or high; becauſe in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation ſhall exalt
With thee thy manhood alſo to this throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed univerſal king; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits; under thee as head ſupreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In Heav'n or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou attended gloriouſly from heav'n
Shalt in thy ſky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning Arch-Angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages, to the general doom
Shall haſten, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and Angels; they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy ſentence; Hell her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean while
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth,
Then thou thy regal ſcepter ſhalt lay by,
For regal ſcepter then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this, dies,
Adore the Son, and honor him as me.
No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd but all
The multitude of Angels, with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hoſannah's fill'd
Th' eternal regions."

EPITAPHS.

HERE lyeth wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray,
I have no more to ſay.

The Lord works wonders now and then,
Here lies a Lawyer, *an honeſt man.*

A young ſophomore, more notorious for his amours than his attention to the muſes, courted a fair dame by the name of Sally Love.—As ſoon as this came to his provident guardian's ears, he wrote him an affectionate letter adviſing him to quit her as ſoon as he could with honor, and then court an alliance with Sal-luſt.

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